

branches of the science of war,—the best in the nation of engineers, artillerymen, experts of ordnance, fortification, and tactics, together with all the allied branches of science that bore in any way on war. Yet the full moonlight falling on their faces revealed only irresolution and helpless bewilderment.

For a long time they stood and watched the maneuvers of the aeroplane without any more suggestions as to what was to be done.

"He is undoubtedly making a complete survey of the entire Reservation," someone finally remarked by way of easing the intolerable tension.

"Not a single detail of the general layout is escaping him," the Commandant groaned. "He is no fool either; he is a trained military observer."

"Did you ever see such perfect control?" someone else exclaimed, only to be answered by painful silence.

The silence continued for many minutes as they stood and watched the sinister visitant, as if fascinated into speechlessness. It gradually kept coming nearer as it worked its way up from the southern end of the Reservation toward the Commandant's residence, but not arriving there because of the delay of its hoverings and circlings.

"If his engines would only stop and he should fall!" the Commandant said. "We could arrest him on land or water; but there is no way to reach him in the air."

"Shoot him down for a spy!" someone said in desperation.

"That would be simple murder," the Commandant said quickly, as though he had been pondering that very matter. "This is not a time of war. We may arrest him; but we can not. If he were found to have maps of government military property, the worst he could get in times of peace would be imprisonment. Even in wartime he would be entitled to a trial before being shot as a spy. To shoot him now would be murder, and we should have to answer for murder—we should have no justifiable defense. He is completely beyond our reach."

"Why not order out a squad of sharpshooters to pepper the air about him and scare him off before he can get any more data?" another suggested.

The Commandant looked at him thoughtfully. "I suppose we might try that," he said. "Order out a squad; but caution them strictly not to shoot near enough to commit murder by any possible chance."

A squad was quickly ordered out. They began to drill the air with wild shots. But, as if absolutely confident of his own status, the pilot in the aeroplane kept to his work regardless, and seemed to realize that he was safe from actual harm.

"It is no use," the Commandant said. "Cease firing. All is fair in love and war; but this is neither love nor war. It is something new."

As they stood, still watching, a great swooping circle of the aeroplane brought it nearer and over the residence.

"Do you notice that it has a silent engine? Unless someone happened to look up and see it against the moon, it would never be noticed. It might have been flying over us any of these nights," someone remarked.

"It has been doing just that," remarked the Commandant grimly, thinking of the map lying on his library table.

"Throw the searchlight in his eyes and blind him

so he can't see the works!" cried the young Lieutenant.

"That might be a good idea," said the Commandant, and ordered it done.

In a few seconds a great beam of light enveloped the aeroplane in its blaze. It hovered there like a great white moth fluttering in a flame.

They could make out more details now,—could see that there were two men, the pilot and another sitting close beside him, with a drafting board before him, and night glasses in his hand, turning from time to time from his observations to jot them down. Only their airmen's helmets prevented a sight of their features. For a moment the rush of light into his eyes seemed to disconcert the observer; but the pilot quickly wheeled the machine, placing his back to the light, and that was all the young Lieutenant's good idea availed.

"He is mapping us down to the last bolt," someone groaned.

"With those plots before him, a commander with a dozen ships could stand off and knock us to smithereens," said another.

"Did you ever see such perfect flying? Worse luck!" a third ejaculated. "If his motor would only stop and force him to land; but—what is that? He dropped something."

THE others had seen it too,—a white object fluttering down from the machine, and a squad of men was sent out to search for it. Silence fell on the officers again, and they continued to watch helplessly. The aeroplane passed on in its circling flight, down over the western reaches of the Reservation, and then out to sea, as if expecting confidently some tender to meet it out there on the dark surface of the water. It finally swam out of sight into a sort of mystical absorption into the luminous skies.

The great white moth of a new warfare had gone back into the night whence it came, like an intangible apparition, but leaving behind it as real a blight as another white moth had once left on the roses,—had left completely shattered the military balance that had kept the nation's peace secure.

The Commandant turned and looked at his officers. "That will be all tonight, Gentlemen," he said. "You have witnessed a great catastrophe tonight. You have seen millions of dollars' worth of the finest war machinery in the world rendered impotent. Their essential element has been taken away, their bulwark of secrecy is gone. Within the power of some foreign nation, or of many nations if this spy sees fit to sell them the plans, lies the possibility of blowing this great work to bits should the strategy of some yet unborn war demand it."

"This great city, with its people and its wealth, the very heart of the nation, now lies an easy prey to the first great enemy to come along. That city lies as unprotected as if these hills were still unarmed as we found them; for this great work," he added bitterly, sweeping his arm in a comprehensive gesture over the Reservation, "has gone a generation behind the times tonight. That is all, Gentlemen."

The officers departed sorrowfully, leaving the Commandant standing alone, gazing wistfully over what to him was a moonlit desolation. The garrisons were sent back to their quarters, and sentried silence came to the Reservation once more. The moon began to

turn silvery and pale in the gray looming of dawn.

As the light was growing strong in the east the Commandant laid down his pen and read over carefully the last sheet of a somewhat long communication in his own handwriting that lay before him on his study table:

"I am inclosing such portion of the plans as has fallen into my hands, and I have no doubt equally accurate full maps are in existence."

"In closing this report, I wish to take up another matter, a more personal one, which causes me more pain than the crude rhetoric of a soldier can adequately express. I have striven to serve, during the four decades I have been privileged to labor in our armies, my country with all there was of fidelity and skill in me. As my crowning service, I helped plan and superintended the construction of what I believed to be the mainstay of our country's defenses. But tonight I have had to stand idly by and see it reduced to nothing by a newer type of science."

"There must come a time to all men in all professions when they realize that their own subject has got beyond them, when they see the work of a lifetime overturned by the work of a day. They realize that younger hands and younger minds of the rising generation must take up the work where they drop it. I feel that that time has come to me. I am a soldier of an antiquated school. Schools grow old fast these days; what is modern when we awake in the morning, oftentimes is ancient when we retire at night."

"We soldiers have striven not so much to perfect methods of killing our fellow men, as to preserve the peace of the world by making war obviously impractical. As long as the Reservation remained a secret it was impregnable, and war with this country at least was impractical."

"But that is gone: it is all to do over again, after some new method that will make it impregnable against this new aerial arm of war, and under new laws that give the power in time of peace to combat such depredations on our security."

"It must all be done over, and a younger generation must take that task from me. I realize tonight that such things as I know are no longer of paramount use to my country. It is to younger hands and brains that I yield."

"I have the honor, therefore, to request that I be retired, as I am entitled to be by my age and years of service under the law, and that I be relieved of my command as soon as may be without inconvenience to the service."

AS he finished reading over his closing page, the sun's edge pushed above the crest of the rolling hills, and its level beam shot across the room. As he raised his head and looked at it pensively an orderly came in and handed him a large white envelop.

"This was found lying in a pathway by the men sent out to search last night, Sir, for the object that fell from the aeroplane," he said.

The Commandant took it, tore it open, and drew out a single flat piece of paper. He recognized it as his own check for a thousand dollars that he had exchanged with the dark stranger in the club. It was uncanceled. He looked at the face, and then turned it over. Across the back was written in a large rolling hand:

"I am too good a sport to collect a bet when I knew when I made it that the dice were loaded against you."

## WORTH WHILE FOLK: A Stateswoman of Oregon

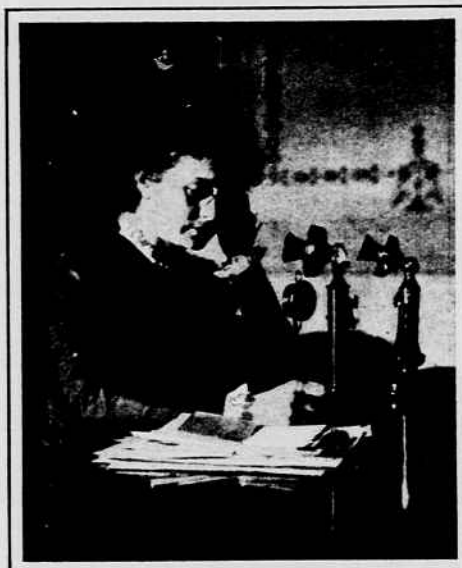
By EWING GALLOWAY

Governor OSWALD WEST of Oregon had occasion last fall to send somebody to the national capital to confer with congressional committees and Department of Interior officials concerning the untangling of the titles to some public lands. Jobs of that kind are usually given to prominent lawyers with political prestige; but Governor West gave official Salem and the people of Oregon a big surprise. Instead of employing some well known man, he sent a young woman on the errand. Miss Fern Hobbs, his private secretary, was given the task, and she performed it to the Governor's entire satisfaction.

Complaints were made to Governor West that five officials of the little town of Copperfield, including the Mayor, were violating the liquor law. They were operating saloons as side lines, and it was charged that as officials they were not enforcing the law against themselves. The Governor appealed to the county authorities, and when they failed to act he decided to use his executive power to close up the resorts.

He called his secretary to his desk.

"Miss Hobbs," said he, "I want you to go to Copperfield and order those men to close up their saloons. If they refuse, have the town put under martial law, the resorts closed, and the officials arrested and ousted from office. Colonel B. K. Lawson of the Coast Artillery will be there with a squad of picked men to enforce your orders."



Miss Fern Hobbs.

No young woman had ever been asked to do such a thing; but Miss Hobbs said she would go.

When the newspaper men on duty at the capitol building heard of the Governor's plan they wanted to know why he was sending Miss Hobbs to Copperfield.

"Miss Hobbs will deliver the goods," he replied. "That is all I have to say."

When the Copperfield officials and their sympathizers heard that the girl was coming there was a chorus of guffaws. There was talk of decorating the bars with flowers and stretching bunting across the principal street.

"The Governor must have a joke up his sleeve," said some of the villagers, who did not know Colonel Lawson and his men were coming.

Nearly all the population was at the station to greet Miss Hobbs. They expected to see a mild imitation of the late Carrie Nation, and were much surprised when a good-looking girl who might be taken for a social visitor or a youngster coming from the city to teach her first country school got off the train. But it did not take them long to find out that she was there for serious business.

She promptly called on the town officials and delivered the Governor's message. They politely but firmly refused, saying the demand was an interference with local rights. Miss Hobbs then told Colonel Lawson